



On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!",
"Dobie Gillis," etc.)

'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY

I know how busy you are—studying, going to class, helping old grads find their dentures after Homecoming—but, hark, the Yuletide is almost upon us and it's time we turned our thoughts to Christmas shopping.

We'll start with the hardest gift problem of all: what to give the man who has everything. Well sir, here are some things I'll bet he doesn't have: 1) A dentist's chair. 2) A Mach number. 3) A street map of Perth, Australia. 4) Fifty pounds of chicken fat. 5) A pack of Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades.

"What?" you exclaim, your eyebrows leaping in wild incredulity. "The man who has everything doesn't have Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades? What arrant nonsense!" you scoff, making a coarse gesture.

But I insist. The man who has everything doesn't have Personna because everyone in the dorm is always borrowing them. And small wonder! Wouldn't you be there with an empty razor and a supplicating side if you heard somebody had super-blades that were super-sharp and super-durable; that scrape not, neither do they nick; that shave you easily and breezily, quickly and slickly, scratchlessly and matchlessly; that come both in Double-Edge style and Injector style? Of course you would!

So here is our first gift suggestion. If you know a man who shaves with Personna, give him a safe.

Next let us take up the thorny problem of buying gifts when you have no money. Well sir, there are many wonderful gifts which cost hardly anything. A bottle of good clear water, for example, is always welcome. A nice smooth rock makes a charming paperweight. In fact, one Christmas back in my own college days, these are exactly the gifts I gave a beauteous coed named Norma Glebe. I took a rock, a bottle of water, a bit of ribbon, and attached a card with this tender sentiment:

*Here's some water
And here's a rock.
I love you, daughter,
Around the clock.*

Norma was so moved, she seized the rock, smashed the bottle, and plunged the jagged edge into my sternum.



Here now is a lovely gift for an American History major—a bronze statuette of Millard Fillmore with a clock in the stomach. (Mr. Fillmore, incidentally, was the only American president with a clock in his stomach. James K. Polk had a stem-winder in his head and William Henry Harrison chimed the quarter-hour, but only Mr. Fillmore of all our chief executives had a clock in his stomach. Franklin Pierce had a sweep second hand and Zachary Taylor had 17 jewels and Martin Van Buren ticked but, I repeat, Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Fillmore alone had a clock in his stomach. Moreover, Mr. Fillmore was the first president with power steering. No wonder they called him "Old Hickory!")

But I digress. Returning to Christmas gifts, here's one that's sure to please—a gift certificate from the American Society of Chiropractors. Accompanying each certificate is this fetching little poem:

*Merry Christmas, Happy New Year,
Joyous sacro-diac!
May your spine forever shine,
Blessings on your aching back!
May your lumbar ne'er grow number,
May your backbone ne'er dislodge,
May your caudal never dawdle,
Joyeux Noel! Heureux massage!*

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And greetings of the season from the makers of Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades, Double-Edge or Injector, and from Personna's partner in shaving luxury, Burma-Shave, regular or menthol.

